

POETRY

THE FIRST-BORN.

The First-born is a fairy child,
A wondrous emanation!
A tameless creature, fond and wild--
A moving exaltation!
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,
Its footstep laughs with lightness;
And cradled, all its features fair
Are touched with mystic brightness.

First pledge of their betrothed love--
O, happy they that claim it!
First gift direct from Heaven above--
O, happy they that name it!
It tunes the household with its voice,
And, with quick laughter ringing,
Makes the inanimate rooms rejoice,
A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beauteous things
By kindred light resembles;
But, evermore with fluttering wings,
On fairy confines trembles.
So much of those that gave it birth,
Of Father and of Mother;
So much of this world built on earth,
And so much of another!



ANNIE.

BY MARCUS H. TROWBRIDGE.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
One calm June morning,
I saw upon the heavenly stairs,
A band of angels, unawares,
Her path adorning.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
A music flowing
Filled my sad soul with love and light,
That made me seem, by day and night,
To Heaven going.

The grave is Heaven's gate they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
A saintly whiteness
O'erspread the beauty of her face,
And filled it with the tender grace
Of angel brightness.

The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
An angel splendid
Cast his large glories to the ground,
While waves of throbbing music-sound
In sweetness bleaded.



The grave is Heaven's gate, they say,
And when dear ANNIE passed away,
In holy sweetness--
When life's sad dream with her was o'er,
Her white soul stood at Heaven's door,
In its completeness.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Time and Patience' these are Angels
By our Heavenly Father sent;
Whispering to our restless spirits,
"Cease to murmur-- be content;
God, who is thy truest friend,
Doth our aid in trial send.

When thy weary spirit failest,
'Neath the weary cross it bears,
God is not unmindful of thee--
He is listening to thy prayer;
From His children's tearful pleading,
He will *never* turn unheeding!"

Heart of mine! Trust thou these Angels;
Lean on Patience and be calm;
Trust in Time, who is preparing
For thy grief a spirit-balm;
God is merciful, and He
Gave them charge concerning thee.

PICTURES.

I.

Light, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down
Tranquility upon the deep-hushed town,
The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides
brown;

Voice of the west-wind from the hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its distant fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood--
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping pace with
mine--

Once more, through God's great love, with you I
share
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom,
From the dark night and winter of the tomb!

II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway
winds

Before me: dust is on the shrunken grass.
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass;
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
While mounting with his dog-star high and
higher,

Ambushed in light intolerable, unbids
The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.
Between me and the hot fields of his South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,
As if the burning arrows of his ire
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light!

Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant
streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower is
twined.
So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our earthly
way!
National Era.

ANCESTRY.

"Virtus est nihil aliud quam ad summum perducta natura."
CICERO.

Tush! prithee, Ben, leave off this prate,—
Look to thyself ere't be too late.
See, boy—while dwelling on the past,
How all thy moments run to waste.
Leave boasting of thy sire—but rather
Be in thyself both son and father.
The present, boy—the glorious present,
Holds forth the prize to peer and peasant.
Herr, Signor, Sir, or Van or Von,
Initial De, Du, De la, Don—
These are but signets. Then begin
To have thy manhood proved within.
For Nick himself—the sire of evil—
Hath, too, his patronymic—D'Evil.

Two casks—one empty—one unbroached,
Stood snug in vault, with sides approached.
Thou' hinted, rich Burgundian blood,
In ages past, within him flowed;
While *this* claimed lineage from the vine,
Whose clusters glad the pilgrim Rhine.

When, thus the former—"I opine,
My gentle coz, that thou can'st trace
Descent from good tho' humble race.
For me—tho' fallen—I may claim
An ancient and time-honored name.
And tho' of patrimony left,
Have still my proud escutcheon left,
Which shows my ancestry for cent'ries,—
Births—marriages—and final entries."
"Thou, truly, had'st enough of fame!"
Thus answered he of plebeian name;
But yet not thou—'twas not on thee,
The past bestowed its eulogy.
The escutcheon which thou bear'st—not thine,
Thou art the wood, and not the vine.
Could'st look within me, worthy peer!—
Thou there would'st find my title clear.

The cask, where gen'rous wine is found,
Gives forth, we know, no hollow sound.
'Tis only when the store is fled,
That this, forsooth, supplies its stead.
Hock present's worth Jove's nectar past,
First of my race am I,—thou last.

[Whitaker's Southern Magazine.

FAREWELL TO A SISTER.

Go forth to thine appointed rest,
Beyond the broad sea-foam;
Go forth, our fairest and our best,
To thy far island-home!
With him, thy youthful heart's approved,
Thy mate for many a year beloved;
In thy full matron bloom
Go forth, to act, as fate commands,
Thy part of life in other lands.

Kind thoughts attend thee, from the place
Where thou hast been so long
A daily sight, a household face,
A mate in work and song;
A flower to cheer, a lamp to shed
Soft light beside the sick one's bed:
To that beloved throng,
Each act of daily life shall be
A mute remembrancer of thee.

Full well we know, where'er thy lot,
Thou canst not be alone;
For Love, in earth's unkindliest spot,
Will find, or make its own;
And from the green and living heart
New friendships still, like buds, will start:
But yet, wherever thrown,
No ties can cling around thy mind
So close as those thou leav'st behind.

And oft, while gazing on the sea
That girds thy lonely isle,
Shall faithful memory bring to thee
The home so loved erewhile;
Its lightsome rooms, its pleasant bowers,
The children, that like opening flowers
Grew up beneath thy smile;
The hearts that shared from earliest years
Thy joys and griefs, thy hopes and fears.

The sister's brow, so blithe of yore,
With early care imprinted;
And she, whose failing eyes no more
Upon her child may rest:
And kindred forms, and they who eyed
Thy beauty with a brother's pride;
And friends beloved the best,
The kind, the joyous, the sincere,
Shall to thine inward sight appear.

And they, whose dying looks on thee
In grief and love were cast,—
The leaves from off our household tree
Swept by the varying blast,—
Oft, in the mystery of sleep,
Shall Love evoke them from the deep
Of the unfathomed Past,
And Fancy gather round thy bed.
The spirits of the gentle Dead.

Farewell! if on this parting day
Remorseful thoughts invade
One heart, for blessings cast away,
And fondness ill repaid;
He will not breathe them—let them rest
Within the stillness of the breast;
Be thy remembrance made
A home, where chastening thoughts may dwell:
My own true sister, fare thee well!

If "Do as you would be done by" were made
the "Common Law," much less parchment would
be used.

MY PLAYMATES.

I once had a sister, O fair 'mid the fair,
 With a face that looked out from its soft golden hair,
 Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold,
 Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.
 I once had a brother, more dear than the day,
 With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in May;
 With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose,
 The red child of the wild when the summer wind
 blows.

We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;
 Were we born there or brought there I never could
 tell.

Were we nursed by the angels or clothed by the
 fays,
 Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan
 ways,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"
 We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark;
 And we stood with our faces, calm silent and bright,
 While the breeze in the trees held his breath with
 delight.

O the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with
 dew,

And we looked up and saw the great God in the
 blue;

And we praised Him and blessed Him, but said not
 a word,

For we soar'd, we ador'd, with that magical bird.
 Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed,
 how we sung!

How we danced in a ring, when the morning was
 young;

How we wandered where kingcups were crusted
 with gold,

Or more white than the light glittered daisies un-
 told,

Those treasures of gold and of silver!

O well I remember the flowers that we found,
 With the red and white blossoms that damasked
 the ground;

And the long lane of light, that, half yellow, half
 green,

Seem'd to fade down the glade where the young
 fairy queen

Would sit with her fairies around her and sing.
 While we listen'd, all ear, to that song of the
 spring.

O well I remember the lights in the west,
 And the spire, where the fire of the sun seemed to
 rest,

When the earth, crimson-shadow'd, laughed out in
 the air—

Ah! I'll never believe but the fairies were there;
 Such a feeling of loving and longing was ours,
 And we saw, with glad awe, little hands in the
 flowers,

Drop treasures of gold and of silver.

O weep ye and wail! for that sister, alas!
 And that fair gentle brother lie low in the grass;
 Perchance the red robins may strew them with
 leaves,

That each morn, for white corn, would come down
 from the eaves;

Perchance of their dust the young violets are made,
 That bloom by the church that is hid in the glade
 But one day I shall learn, if I pass where they
 grow,

Far more sweet they will greet their old playmate,
 I know.

Ah! the cottage is gone, and no longer I see
 The old glade, the old paths, and no lark sings for
 me;

But I still must believe that the fairies are there,
 That the light grows more bright, touched by
 fingers so fair,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver.

[London Leader.

TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth;—

Two ways to judge—to act—to view;—

For all things here have double birth,

A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks

To make that sweet which seemeth small;

Where every lip in fondness speaks—

And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange

Of pleasures, free from vain expense;

Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,

Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find

No wish—no impulse—to complain;

Who feel not—never felt—the mind

To envy yet another's gain!—

Who dream not of the mocking tide

Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;—

The bitter pangs of wounded pride;

No fallen Power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,

Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;

For all that Gold can purchase more

Are gauds—it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,

Find naught to please—or to exalt;

Their constant study but to show

Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round

Of daily wants, and daily care,

Can yet cull flowers from common ground;

And twice enjoy the joy they *have*!

Oh, happy they who happy *make*!—

Who *become*—still themselves are blest!—

Who something spare for others' sake—

And strive—in all things—for the best!

LOVE THE OLD.

I love the old, to lean beside

The antique, easy chair,

And pass my fingers softly o'er

A wreath of silvered hair;

To press my glowing lips upon

The furrowed brow, and gaze

Within the unken eye, where dwells

The "lights of other days"

To fold the pale and feeble hand

That on my youthful hand

Has lain so tenderly, the while

The evening prayer was said.

To nestle down close to the heart,

And marvel how it held

Such tomes of legendary lore,

The chronicles of Eld.

Oh! youth thou hast so much of joy

So much of life, and love,

So many hopes; Age has but *one*—

The hope of bliss above.

Then turn awhile from these away

To cheer the old, and bless

The wasted heart-spring with a stream

Of gushing tenderness.

VOL. I.—N^o. 1.

Thou treadest now a path of bloom,

And thine exulting soul

Springs proudly on, as tho' it mocked

At time's unfelt control.

But they have marched a weary way,

Upon a thorny road,

Then soothe the toil-worn spirits, ere

They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged—bow before

The venerable form,

So soon to seek beyond the sky

A shelter from the storm.

Ay, love them; let thy silent heart,

With reverence untold,

As *pilgrims* *near to Heaven*,

Regard and love the old.

LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,

Written in Wisdom—if there is a word

That I would trace as with a pen of fire

Upon the unsullied temper of a child—

If there is anything that keeps the mind

Open to angel visits, and repels

The ministry of ill—*'tis Human Love!*

God has made nothing worthy of contempt.

The smallest pebble in the well of Truth

Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand

When man's best monuments wear fast away.

The law of Heaven is *Love*—and though its name

Has been usurped by passion, and profaned

To its unholy uses through all time,

Still, the external principle is pure;

And in these deep affections that we feel

Omnipotent within us, can we see

The lavish measure in which love is given.

And in the yearning tenderness of a child

For every bird that sings above its head,

And every creature feeding on the hills,

And every tree and flower, and running brook,

We see how everything was made to love,

And how they err, who, in a world like this,

Find anything to hate but human pride.

WILLIS.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis Morn:—the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear,—
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star,—
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes:
The stars come down and trembling glow,
Like blossoms in the waves below,
And like an unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot,—
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell
The far-off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay,—
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in Dreams:—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear:—
Around my cheek thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh, I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

BLOXT, 1840.

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Don't you remember how oft you have said,
Darling Coralin May,
When the hawthorns are blossoming we shall be
wed

And then to the prairie away!
And, now, all over the hills they peep
Milkwhite out of the spray,
And sadly you turn to the past and weep,
Darling Coralin May.

When the cricket chirped in the hickory blaze,
You cheerily sung you know—
Oh! for the sunnier summer days,
And the time when we shall go!
The corn blades now are unfolding bright,
While busily calls the crow,
And clovers are opening red and white,
And the time has come to go.

To go to the cabin our love has planned,
On the prairie green and gay,
In the blushing light of the sunset land,
Darling Coralin May.

How happy our lives will be, you said—
Don't you remember the day?
When our hands shall be, as our hearts are, wed—
Darling Coralin May.

How sweet you said when my work is o'er,
And your axe yet ringing clear,
To sit and watch at the lowly door
Of our home in the prairie, dear.
The rose is ripe by the window now,
And the cool spring flowing near:
But shadows fall on the heart and brow
From the home we are leaving here.

THE POET MOORE.

A lady, who had the good fortune to be present at a party in Dublin, the evening of the day when the first volume of *Moore's Melodies* was given to the world, was recalling the circumstance in so graphic a manner, that we think her story may interest others as much as it did us. At that time, our now aged friend must have been of remarkable beauty—an enthusiastic girl, brought up in deep seclusion; married in her seventeenth year to an officer, with whom she was about to leave her native land. Of Little's poem, the *avant courier* of Moore's fame, she had never heard; and, though the "melodies" of her country were familiar to her ear and lip, she did not think that they were known except by those who had learned them from the peasantry. "The pretty bride" was so new to the world, that her husband almost tutored her, as our grandame tutored us—"Now, my dear, hold up your head, hold your tongue, and remember your curtsy. He begged of her, whatever occurred, *'to ask no questions.'*" It was that great event in a country lady's life, "her first town party," and she was, of course, perpetually charmed, confused and blushing. Presently she heard various whispers in the room—"Is he come?" "Will he come?" "Is he certain to come?" Vague ideas of the *Lord Lieutenant*, that cynosure of Irish eyes—of the commander of the garrison—floated before her: then the lady of the house asked her daughter if *the book* was placed open on the piano, "where he could see it at once?" And a dozen sweet faces pressed forward to inquire if "*he*" was "*certain sure to come?*" and the reply called forth all the little bewitching "Oh dears!" and "Oh mys!" and "Oh thens!" which render the "brogue" the true accent of Cupid. The obedient wife—a very Griselda—would ask no questions; but she tried to reach the piano, and ascertain what "*the book*" was. However, one page of music is too like another to have yielded much information. As the evening melted away, the anxiety of the hostess and her friends increased to fever heat. At last, a double knock, and the hero of that and many other evenings, entered. "I saw," continued our friend, "a very, *very* little man, without star or ribbon—not the lord-lieutenant! I was so disappointed: I even thought him ugly. I looked at all the radiant officers, and wondered *who* the little man was. Then came fine speeches from the hostess; and there gathered round him all the old and young. I was provoked: all this fuss for a little tiny man in black, who was neither the lord-lieutenant nor an officer. I sat down sulkily at the end of the grand piano, and resolved not even to look at him. Presently, the hostess manoeuvred him to the piano, and then, showing him the first number of his own melodies, asked him to sing. He said something—I did not hear exactly what—about not being prepared, but sat

down, and with his small, delicate hands preluded a moment, and then sang '*RICH AND RARE.*' Before he had got to the

—bright gold ring,

I was spell-bound. The head slightly upturned: the white, full, high brow, over which his silken hair lay in rich folds; the brightest, tenderest, most loving eyes were eloquent of expression: the smiling mouth gave forth the most bird-like, gushing music; every word was heard, and not only heard, but felt; and every eye fixed upon the 'poet of all circles.' When he finished, the burst of enthusiasm was electric; and his thanking smile, as he glanced round, emboldened his audience to exclaim, as with one voice, 'Another! another!' He sat down; the brilliancy of his expression faded: the sparkling light of love in his eyes deepened into the intense fire of patriotism; his form dilated, and he gave the line,

Go where glory waits thee!

as if it was a command from Heaven. I had been but a short time married: my husband expected every day to be ordered off to the war; my hopes for him were so mingled with terrors, that I felt a shudder when I heard the words of the song. They were succeeded by others,

But when fame elates thee,
Oh, then remember me,

in tones so plaintive, so tender, so overwhelming, that, ashamed of my emotion, I covered my face with my hands, and pressed it on the piano. I tried to endure it; but every line, winged by such bewildering melody, entered into my heart. I had said words with the same meaning to my husband twenty times. As the poet finished, I was completely overpowered; the burst of tears would come, and my husband carried his foolish, child-wife out of the room. I afterwards heard that the poet had said 'those tears were the most eloquent thanks he could ever receive.'—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

THE ESTRANGED.

BY B. MATHAWAY.

We meet,—but yet we do not meet,
And smile, perchance,—yet do not smile;
For, oh! how is each thought replete
With darkened memories the while;
Of fatal hour, when ruthless pride
Rude plucked away the flowers divine,
Who e fragrant garland sweetly tied
Thy trusting spirit unto mine.

For thou didst love, e'en as the heart
That troubles in this bosom chill;
Thou too must turn, though far apart,
All vainly to one image still.
Unto one altar, where was shrined
Too much of bliss for thee and me;
Now are we waked from dreams to find
How vain our deepest dreamings be!

Now, the lone paths our weary feet
Are tracing, lie full far apart;
And frail the gladdest smiles we meet,
To soothe the aching wayward heart;
For, oh! we never more may know,
Life's summer-dream, so early passed,
Nor feel again the bosom glow,
That should have charmed us to the last.

But yet thy manly brow alone
Seems lighted with divinest thought,
And more than others' is the tone
Thy lips do breathe, with music fraught.
And still I cherish, though in vain,
Their latest softly murmured sigh;
And turn me in my deep'ning pain,
For ray from out thy starry eye.

When faith that is to truth allied,
Undimmed by doubt was ever near,
To still the favored pulse of pride,
And stay all thought of coming fear;
When forth the springs of feeling gushed
In chainless torrent, full and free,
While all the far empyrean flushed
With beams of brighter days to be.

The freshness of Love's rosy morn,
Its quiet hours of summer calm,
Its glory-promise—beauty born—
Its nectar-dews of spirit-balm,—
Its Hope,—high orb of heavenly light,
Far smiling through the live long day,
O'er scene enchanted, Eden-bright,—
Have these for ever passed away?

Has Love a mortal life alone?—
Too strangely fair, so soon to fail;
A voice to swell one rapture tone,
Then only wake in sorrow's wail?
A prophesy of pain-release,—
Of blessing never to be blessed?
An earnest of untroubled peace,—
Whose giving is alone *unrest*?

Or may it own the life divine,
And in the night time all unseen,
Its cheering sun still quenchless shine,
Though darkling clouds do intervene?
Its kindling beams still brighter glow,
Beyond the bound of earthly strife,
Until, in One, united flow,
Our hearts' deep streams of Love and Life?

So will I trust, nor longer mourn
Affection's buds, though early sere;

Our footsteps hasten to the bourne,
Where none may weep estrangement tear;
Where dwell the true, secure and high,
Where stricken Love has never been;
There shall recruit the severed tie,—
There Spirit greet its Spirit-kin.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, MICH., 1852.

THE WAY TO HONOR AND HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. F. FARMER.

Would'st thou rise to honored greatness?
Truth and labor point the way.
Write thy motto—Perseverance;
Hope will ever be thy stay.
Firm resolve and noble action
Level mountains to a plain:
Should thy earliest effort fail thee,
Ne'er despair, but "try again."

When misfortune overtakes thee,
Bow to her submissively,—
Lower to the earth she'll crush thee,—
Spurn her—she will bow to thee.
Waste no time in vain repining
O'er thy fate, however hard;
If it be thy lot to labor,
Labor brings a sure reward.

When above thy task thou'rt bending,
Blush not for thy humble birth;
Upright principles maintaining,
Thine is more than conqueror's worth.
Be it in the field or forum,
In the workshop or the mill,
Care not—either great or lowly,
It will bring thee honor still.

Should contempt, with jewelled finger,
Point at thine, with labor stained,
Stand erect, her false pride scorning,
In thy honest pride sustained.
Birth is but the empty casket,
Worth the brilliant gem it bore;
Wealth descended may bring honor,
Self-earned competence brings more.

When we view the clouds of even,
Like proud banners all unroll'd,
God's armorial upon them,
Wrought in purple edged with gold;
And each planetary system,
Fixed or moved by Heaven's laws,
We our admiration give them—
Reverence searcheth out the cause.

Greatness is alone dependent
On its self-sustaining powers,
Comes to us, from none descendant,
None can e'er inherit ours.
Man, on ancestors reliant
For his wealth or noble name,
Like the bird in borrowed plumage,
Has at best a doubtful fame.

Yet no more of earthly treasure
Seek than modest wants demand;
When the mind on gold is centered,
Then it ceases to expand.
And a surplus weight, tho' gilded,
Clogs the wing that fain would soar—
Earn a noble independence;
Be content nor wish for more.

NEW IBERIA, Aug., 1852.

ENTERING HEAVEN.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Softly part away the tresses
From her forehead of pale clay,
And across her quiet bosom
Let her pale hands lightly lay;
Never idle in her lifetime
Were they folded thus away.

She hath lived a life of labor,
She is done with toil and care,
She hath lived a life of sorrow,
She has nothing more to bear,
And the lips that never murmured
Never more shall move in prayer.

You who watched with me beside her,
As her last of nights went by,
Know how calmly she assured us
That her hour was drawing nigh;
How she told us, sweetly smiling,
She was glad that she could die.

Many times from off the pillow
Lifting up her face to bear,
She had seemed to watch and listen,
Half in hope and half in fear,
Often asking those about her
If the day were drawing near.

Till, at last, as one weary,
To herself she murmured low,
"Could I see him, could I bless him
Only once before I go
If he knew that I was dying
He would come to me, I know."

Drawing then my head down gently,
Till it lay beside her own,
Said she, "Tell him in his anguish,
When he finds that I am gone,
That the bitterness of dying,
Was to leave him here alone.

"Leave me now, my dear ones, leave me,
You are wearied all, I know;
You have been so kind and watchful,
You can do no more below,
And if none I love are near me,
'Twill be easier to go.

"Let your warm hands chill not, slipping
From my fingers' icy tips,
Be there not the touch of kisses,
On my uncaressing lips,
Let no blindness see the darkening
Of my eye's last, long eclipse.

"Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mould o'erspread,
But about the soft, white pillow
Folded underneath my head;
And of summer flowers weaving
A rich broi'dery o'er my bed.

"Think of the immortal spirit
Living up above the sky,
And of how my face, there wearing
Light of immortality,
Looking earthward, is o'erlaving
The white bastions of the sky."

Still then, with one last effort,
All her weakness and her woe,
She seemed wrapped in pleasant visions
But to wait her time to go;

For she never, after midnight,
Spoke of anything below;

But kept murmuring very softly,
Of cool streams and pleasant bowers,
Of a path going up brightly,
Where the fields were white with flowers;
And at daybreak she had entered
On a better life than ours.

[Home Journal.



FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

Little William played truant from school one day;
"Now," said he to himself, "I'll have plenty of
play,
Mama will not know it, papa will not hear,
So I'll do what I choose without any fear.

"I've enough of those tiresome books, I am sure,
I'll leave them, and go where the river runs pure,
I'll launch the new boat Robert gave me to-day—
Oh! 'twill be such fun by the river to play.

"Mama said, it is true, that I must not go there,
But I don't see the harm, if I only take care,
Besides, she won't know it, so why should I stay?
There is nothing to hinder my frolic to-day."

Little William forgot that our Father above,
Who for all little children feels tenderest love,
Always looks with displeasure upon them, if they
Their father's or mother's commands disobey.

So he went to the river to play with his boat,
And laughing and shouting he set it afloat;
He watched it awhile, and feared 'twould be lost,
So swiftly away by the current 'twas tossed.

"I'll get it," he cried—"I'm sure I can't lose
My nice little boat—I will take off my shoes,
And wade in the water—there's nobody near,
And the water's not deep—I have nothing to fear."

But the water was deep, and the current was
strong,
William struggled awhile, he could not struggle
long:

The blue waves closed o'er him—poor William
thought then

He would ne'er disobey his dear mother again.

A kind man at work, in a meadow close by,
Ran down to the river—he heard William cry;
He plunged in the water, and quick as a thought,
In his arms to the shore little William he brought.

Oh, many a long summer's day passed, I ween,
Before William again in the school-room was seen,
But the lesson he learned from his folly, was not
Through all his long life for a moment forgot.

[The Student.

TO A SERAPH IN THE REALMS OF REST.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Thou wast to me in this dark world so lonely—
Smiling upon me with those eyes of love—
Like some bright star which shines upon me only—
So bright no other seems to shine above.
As fades that star whose looks me home have
lighted
To joys as pure as its own beams divine—
Leaving me here alone on earth benighted—
So faded from my soul that face of thine!
As some lone traveller, by the night misguided,
Missoth his way when his bright star is gone;
So, left, alas! by Death from thee divided,
My soul now wanders through this world alone!

WAVES FROM THE RIVER OF LIFE

AS IT ROLLED UNDER ARCHES OF SORROW.

Why so sad for her, who, sleeping,
Smiles upon thee never now?
Would'st awaken her with weeping?
She is happier than thou!

Can'st thou wish her slumber ended,
When existence still must be,
As it ever has been, blended
With such crushing misery?

Can'st thou image her reclining
In the Palestine of Peace,
And not check thy fond repining—
Bid thy cherished anguish cease?

Would'st thou bring her from the bowers
Of Elysium above,—
Where the angels lead the hours,
And the air she breathes is love,—

To be one where all are weary,
Who commingle in the strife,
With a mournful miserere,
Of the fearful battle-life?

Rather sigh that thou yet livest;
That the seraph sought not thee;
Know each sacrifice thou givest
Lifts thee nearer Deity?

She is happy—thy lost treasure
Is there one alive, the same?
Is there one possessing pleasure
That is perfect but in name?

None, earth over! Fear and sorrow
Are our portions while of clay—
A foreboding of to-morrow,
A forgetting of to-day.

Weep! there's luxury in weeping,
When the heart of grief is full;
And the dark clouds under-creeping
Make the stars invisible.

When but God alone can hear us,
As we breathe the fervent prayer,
That His Spirit ever near us,
May make light the load we bear.

There's a sanctity in sorrow
More commanding than the air

That the proudest Prelates borrow,
From the ermined robes they wear.

O be patient! Life will linger
But a few short seasons more;
Even now the angel's finger
Turns the tear-marked pages o'er.

Soon the brightest, darkest, saddest,
The oft-prayed for leaf—the last—
When celestial harps hymn gladdest
Will have cheered us—chilled us—past.

With a sigh for those who love us
As they mourn that we must sever,
And a Godlike glance above us,
We will throw aside forever.

With an anthem of thanksgiving,
Whose intensity none know,
This infirmity of living,
This inheritance of woe!

And re-robe by Rapture's river—
The Euphrates of the sky—
Whose sweet waters roll forever
Round the isles of Ecstasy.

PHILADELPHIA, July 29th, 1850.

T. Y.

OUR WINNIE, THAT DIED.

BY MRS. L. BOSTWICK.

The flow of the sunset shadows
Lay deep on the crags of the hill,
Like the trailing of funeral banners,
'Mid the tomb-stones white and still.

The moon, with her pale hand, slowly,
Was parting the night-locks back,
That settled down heavy and coldly
Over the sun's red track.

That morning, our beautiful Winnie
Had wandered afar in the glade,
Searching out, in the beds of June blossoms,
The foot-prints that Summer had made.

But ere the sun rode in the zenith,
With snowy buds twined in her hair,
She came—but so wearily treading,
We know not her step on the stair.

And now as the wan moon parted
The night-tresses back from the skies,
Their shadows swept heavy and darkly,
Down the blue deeps of her eyes.

And sadly we spread the white covers
Aside from her own little bed,
And watched her faint breath till at morning,
We knew that our Winnie was dead.

Oh, dimly and coldly, that summer,
Our hearts felt the sunbeam and breeze,
That gleamed from a slab of white marble,
And rustled the church-yard trees.

But now as we sit by that head-stone,
And garland it over with flowers,
We shed not a tear for the lovely,
The innocent child that was ours.

For one motionless eve in October,
When the full moon was crowning the hill,
And even the trees of the forest
Held back their soft breath and were still;

Over banks of vermillion and purple
There floated a strain from the West,
As it were the sweet voices of childhood
Prolonging the chants of the Blest.

And one voice that seemed strangely familiar,
Our senses enchained like a spell,—
Oh, rapture! to catch the soft accents
We had loved and remembered so well.

Though the song was the song of Immortals,
And to us its full burden denied,
Yet we knew 'twas the voice of our Winnie,
Our beautiful Winnie that died.

EDINBURGH, O.

THE OCCULTATION OF A LIFE.

TO R— M'C— JR.

Another shrine is dim!
 Another altar desolate: Another star
 Hath passed into sublimer regions; seraphim
 Enthroned around it are.

Another light hath died
 From out the world, and left a waste of gloom;
 And mourners weeping bitterly beside
 A consecrated tomb.

Who shall breathe comfort now?
 What music linger sweetly? Who that weaves
 Garlands of blossoms for the bridal brow,
 Shall braid the cypress leaves?

What sympathy can ope
 The emptied chambers of a troubled heart,
 And touch the Darkness with a wand of Hope,
 And say to it: "Depart"

What words can cool the brain,
 Or make the eyelids, heavy with their tears,
 Lift up to drink the dawn of peace again
 Which breaks through coming years?

Alas! we can but pray
 That she who was so beautiful, and crowned
 With all the elements of glory, may
 Extend her arms around,

And raise you up to her.
 We feel, with you, the majesty of Woe,
 And tread in awe her court-yards, holier,
 Waiting our turn to go

Into her presence. All,
 Aye, all have heard her summons, or must hear;
 It may be blessings from her lips will fall,
 Even beside the bier.

We strengthen in the trust,
 That of this withering of the heart at morn—
 This crumbling of our idols into dust,
 A rapture will be born:

Far off, perchance, but sure;
 For He who smiteth, loveth us; He sayeth,

And if in faith, the evil we endure,
 We shall not taste of death.

Hark, and a voice will come
 Far downward through the fathomless abyss
 Of Heaven, to woo us sweetly to a home,
 More beautiful than this;

And islands of the Night,
 As we glide silently from shore to shore,
 Entrance us with effulgency of light
 That floats the darkness o'er.

T. Y.

HAROLD'S DREAM.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

So I slept, and gentle dreamings
 Led me in a fair green meadow,
 Where the sunlight's yellow gleamings
 Widely fell without a shadow.
 There I heard from leafy eyries,
 Little birds sing pleasant glees;
 There I saw the white-robed fairies
 Sitting 'neath the ancient trees.
 There I saw an azure river,
 And it swept that meadow fair,
 With a murmur which seemed ever
 Like a strain of music rare.
 Seeking 'mongst the elf king's daughters,
 Seeking vainly, love, for thee,
 Long I wandered by those waters,
 Till they led me to the sea:

Oh, that sea was wide and fearful—
 Strong its billows, strong and dark,
 And they bore thee, Lillian, tearful,
 Onward in thy tiny bark;
 Onward to the caverns doleful,
 Where the gnomes were hoarsely chaunting
 Weird-like measures, stern and woful,
 Full of wrath and bitter taunting.

When the wind was rudely sweeping
 From thy brow thy sunny hair,
 And thy blue eyes, dim with weeping,
 Gazed on me with wild despair,
 Bound by fa'ry spell, entralling,
 I stood fixed upon the shore,
 Heard thy sweet voice on me calling,
 But to save thee had no power.
 Long I sought to stem the torrent,
 Oft-times plunging in the sea,
 But an elfish wight, abhorrent,
 Held me ever back from thee;
 And great waves, like angry demons,
 Rose and swept thy bark away,
 Leaving nothing but the gleamings
 Of the storm sea's crested spray.

Then, when with a grief unspoken,
 I sat down and wept for thee,
 Lo! the feverish spell was broken,
 And the dark dream fled from me.
 Lo! dear love, 'twas but a vision—
 A woful fancy of the night—
 That morning fair, with touch elysian,
 Hath put to sudden flight.

Why is a beggar like a baker? They both
 knead (need) bread.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

(Beloved and most beautiful
I gaze upon thy face—
Upon thy slender form, replete
With every winning grace;
And, oh! I tremble when I think
How dear to me thou art;
Wert thou to die, how desolate
Would be my vacant heart!)

I pass each evening in my walk
The little churchyard lone,
And I see the moonlight shining
On one white gleaming stone;
The lilies growing round that grave
Look fair in the moon's ray;
But she who sleeps beneath that stone
Was fairer far than they.

She was a lovely, gentle girl,
With eyes of Heaven's blue,
And cheeks whose soft tint put to shame
The earliest rosebud's hue.
I loved her, wooed her; but she was
A treasure lent—not given;
And, ere we wed, her gentle soul
Fled to its native Heaven!

And sometimes, in the lonely hours,
When far away thou art,
I look into that sepulchre
Of buried joy—my heart.
And Memory brings back the face
Of her, my seraph bride—
And that sad morning in the spring,
That May morn when she died!

(But, oh! I loved her not as I
Love thee, beloved one!
She was my life's sweet morning star,
Thou art its glorious sun!
Though long I wept, when she fled back
To her fair home on high,
Wert thou to perish so, beloved!
I would not weep—but die!)

JUPITER'S CHOICE.

A MYTH.

BY MRS. SOPHERONIA CURRIER.

The king of the gods walked forth one day—
It is thus the ancient fables say—
Not yet had mortals learned to raise
A temple to the monarch's praise,
Nor through a form of earth or sea
Had dared approach his majesty;
And Jupiter pondered: of all he had made,
What most his mightiness displayed?

The oak threw out his branches wide,
And thus he spoke in his strength and pride:
"A simple acorn to earth was dung,
And thence has the boast of Tellus sprung,
Whose summit looks down on Olympia's height,
Whose roots have pierced to Erebus' night,
With Neptune who copes for the rule of the sea;
Meet emblem I, great Jove, of thee!"

An eagle stayed in his course to the sun,
And thus his royal accents run:

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"The king of the air, to the King of Heaven,
Only supremacy hath given.
No dust of the earth has stained his breast,
His eyrie is poised on the mountain crest,
Where he views thy dart with a dauntless eye,
And scoffs at the whirlwind hurrying by.
No emblem meet, great Jove, of thee,
But the mountain eagle, proud and free!"

The rose and the lily their arms entwined,
And thus their mutual wish combined:
"My cheek is as bright as the sunset's glow,"
"My heart is as pure as the mountain snow,"
"And sweet as radiant," "sweet as fair,"
"Naught with us can earth compare;
Then grant us, mighty Jove, to be
The types of purity, grace, and thee!"

"Oh, mighty Jove!" so gold began,
"Come share with me the homage of man;
I rule the lord, I rule the slave,
From the baptismal font to the unblest grave.
The king of the air, of the earth and the sea,
And pureness and beauty, must yield to me!"

"And thou?" The silent marble heard,
And answered in calm, unboastful word:
"Where life is not given, death is no sin;
What thou hast made me, I have been!"

A temple to Jove might mortals rear,
So the Oracle answered prayer.
Chaplets of oak to the fane were brought,
And the lily and rose in his vesture were wrought;
The eagle stood with outstretched wing,
Low at the feet of the mighty king;
And burnished gold was the royal throne—
But the god looked forth from the silent stone.

ANNIE.

(I've a sweet little pet!—she is up with the lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark,
And she chatters and dances the blessed day long,
Now laughing in gladness—now singing a song.
She never is silent!—the whole summer day
She is off on the green with the blossoms at play;
Now seeking a buttercup—plucking a rose,
Or laughing aloud as the thistle she blows.

She never is still!—now at some merry elf,
You'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;
You may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of
fun,
Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done,
And whatever you do—that same thing, without
doubt,
Must the mischievous Annie be busied about;
She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me,
And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot
see.

She dances and sings, and has many sweet airs,
And to infant accomplishments, adding her prayers.
I have told everything that the darling can do,
For 'twas only last summer her years number'd
two.
She's the picture of health—and a southern-born
thing,
Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing,
And I fain would be foe to the lip that hath smiled
At this wee bit of song of the dear little child.

NOW, AND LONG AGO.

BY FANNY FALES.

O sisters—sisters! I have been
 Where we in childhood dwelt,
 The old home by the mountain side,
 Where morn and eve we knelt;
 The shining poplars, now, as then,
 Are waving by the door,
 The maple wears its Autumn robe
 Of crimson, as of yore;
 The deep well, with its mossy pole,
 Is standing, as of old,
 And the grey bucket drips its wealth
 Adown the stones so cold.

I walked along the garden paths,
 Where once we used to run,
 With footsteps like the startled doe's,
 And hearts o'erfull of fun;
 I linger'd 'neath the cherry tree
 Our father prun'd with care,
 And wept, for he—the loving group—
 Ah me! they were not there!
 I wander'd to the chestnut grove,
 The ripe nuts strew'd the ground,
 The little squirrels scamper'd off,
 At o'en the lightest sound.

And there, thro' the delicious morn
 Of Indian Summer weather,
 I filled my apron with the nuts,
 As when we went together.
 I dream'd I was a child again,
 Beside my mother's knee,
 Or bounding thro' the forest paths
 With footsteps glad and free;
 My heart rock'd gently on the waves
 Of pleasant mem'ries, sung,
 As when we went a nutting there
 When you and I were young.

Ah, sisters, darlings, it is vain,
 'This yearning for the past!
 I will be grateful for the good,
 Along my pathway cast;
 For gratitude, and cheerfulness,
 Will change all things to gold:—
 With Love, the angel, in my heart,
 That never will grow old.
 And tho' Time weave a silver thread
 In every silken tress,
 I'll try to find some gift of God's
 To succor and to bless.
 Then we'll not mourn the days long gone,
 Our old home, and friends dear;
 But cling the closer to the loved,
 That Time has left us here.

BINDWEED.

They met—'twas not in Spring—oh no!
 The air was thick and chill;
 The ground was whit'ning o'er with snow,
 And winter-sealed each rill.

They met—another on his arm
 Confidingly did lean;
 Yet Nellie felt—nor thought of harm—
 Her martyr-fate between.

She would not, for earth's gems most rare,
 Have filled that proud one's place—
 And yet she knew her impress there,
 No time could e'er efface.

Her impress—it was not of sense,
 On outward vision made—
 Else were it all a base pretence,
 To cast the light in shade.

As if the modest mignonette
 We twine gay dahlias round,
 Should boast itself a coronet,
 While trailing o'er the ground.

They parted—not with lips apart,
 But voiceless, as the rills
 Which flow, ice-locked, yet free at heart,
 From God's eternal hills.

They parted—but each dreary cloud
 Now grew a vestment bright;
 Became an angel's dewy shroud,
 To wrap their fancies bright.

They parted—full of holy trust
 That minstrelsy thus given,
 While they forget not "God is just,"
 Must find its meed—a Heaven!

B. G. C. E.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Reader—thou and I are gleaners,
 In the harvest field of Time;
 Day by day the grain is ripening,
 For a sunnier clime.

Whether in the early morning,
 Going forth with busy feet,
 Or as weary laborers, resting
 'Mid the noon day heat,—

Let us strive with cheerful spirit,
 Each our duty to fulfil,
 Till the time of harvest—subject
 To the Master's will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
 Bound with ties of love
 Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
 To our home above;

Trusting that these precious gleanings,
 Bound with loving hand,
 May in golden sheaves be gathered
 To the spirit land.

A BRIEF HISTORY, IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
 It stings him to the core.
 A question—will it lay him low?
 Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name—
 He sits and thinks apart;
 Time blows and blows it to a flame,
 Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
 And nurses it with care;
 He feels the blissful pain by turns
 With hope, and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
 Sighs, glances, tears, and vows,
 Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
 And courtesies and bows.

A purpose and a prayer;
 The stars are in the sky—
 He wonders how e'en hope should dare
 To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
 And doubt just makes him bold;
 And so, with passion all in tatters,
 The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes,
 Soft looks, averted eyes,
 Each heart into the other rushes,
 Each yields, and wins a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,—
 Brief, solemn words, and prayer,—
 A trembling to the fingers' ends,
 As hand in hand, they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
 And so the deed is done;
 Now for life's waves and blisses,
 The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream,
 They launch their buoyant skiff,
 Bless'd, if they may but trust hope's dream,
 But ah! Truth echoes—"If!"

THE SEQUEL—"IF."

If health be firm—if friends be true—
 If self be well controlled,
 If tastes be pure—if wants be few—
 And not too often told—

If reason always rule the heart—
 If passion own its sway—
 If love—for aye—to life imports
 The zest it does to-day—

If Providence, with parent care,
 Mete out the varying lot—
 While meek contentment bows to share
 The palace, or the cot.—

And oh! if Faith, sublime and clear,
 The spirit upwards guide—
 Then bless'd indeed, and bless'd forever,
 The bridegroom and the bride!

[MUSICAL WORLD.]